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THOUGHTS IN VERSE

EDWIN M. ABBOTT



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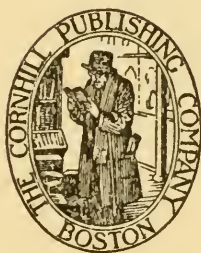


THOUGHTS IN VERSE

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BY

EDWIN M. ABBOTT



THE CORNHILL PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON

1922

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THE JORDAN & MORE PRESS
BOSTON

NOV 27 '22

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THESE THOUGHTS ARE INSPIRED
BY MY FELLOW MEN IN WHOM I
HAVE BEEN INTERESTED SINCE
CHILDHOOD AND TO WHOM THESE
LINES ARE DEDICATED

Edwin M. Abbott, LL.D.

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THOUGHTS IN VERSE

WORK

I tried to dig a grave
And bury there,
The remnants of a life,
Once bright and fair ;
But as I plied my way
Into the ground,
Each effort simply raised
A living mound —
A monument that through
The future years,
Would, every day anew,
Assuage my tears.

LIFE'S AIM

I have no claim whereon to found a right to ask
That God should grant to me success in Life's
great fight,
My duty lies before me — that in every task
I work to win a harvest, daring for the right.
The sweat of honest labor ne'er gave birth to shame,
No toiler, e'er so lowly, but could reach the height
Whereon emblazoned clearly, on the scroll of Fame,
Contented, his endeavors prove his soul's delight.

AFTERMATH

The buried dead are better left alone ;
We strive too late to reach the heart of stone ;
The reach falls short, and so we but deceive
Ourselves, and not the one for whom we grieve.

CONSCIENCE

Within the quiet recess of the soul there seems to rise
A still, small voice to guard me on my way;
A message to the passions and a guide to temporize
The yearnings which oft cause our feet to stray;
A sign-post at the cross-roads to direct the one confused,
A beacon to the wearied one and sad,
A suppliant most lowly, yet so oftentimes abused
Because the fashion findeth him ill clad.
But when the storms of battle seem to rack our very
soul,
A pilot at the wheel we always find,
Whose gentle whisper succoring is anxious to control,
If self would bend like reed before the wind!

A PRAYER

My ways, O God, digress, diverge,
From those Thou plan for me;
And ere I from the slough emerge,
My eyes must turn towards Thee.

Self-conscious, proud, sustained by strength
Of self we try to stand,
Until the hour arrives at length
To heed Thy blest command.

So teach us of Thy wondrous love —
To know Thy mercy, power;
To know Thy blessings, as they prove
A help in every hour.

RETROSPECTION

Where are the dreams of the summer land?

Where are the songs of the summer sea?

All are submerged in the distant sand,

Silhouettes only of memory;

Where are the plans of the idle hour?

Drifted away and without regret?

Each of them dead like a withered flower,

Leaving no fragrance to linger yet.

"GOD LIVES"

I tried to bury God

Within the past,

I tried to stand alone

But could not last.

The sun behind a cloud

Soon disappeared;

In darkness I was left.

My bark is veered

Into the angry sea;

And, tossed and torn,

I looked for help, alas!—

Until a morn

Of sunlight filled my way;

And then I knew

Without God's helping hand,

Naught could I do.

So turned I back to God

The only way —

Now He is all my guide —

My every stay!

THE AUTHOR

Primeval woods and grassy glades
Reveal their secrets to his ken!
The robber chieftain serenades
His heart's desire, within the glen.
Each cruel tyrant leaves his throne,
Is shorn of power, and must obey
The mandates of the One, alone,
Who over earth and sky holds sway

The sacred memoirs of the Kings
Are opened, and their secret love
Attunes his lyre; in rapture sings
He constancy, their worth to prove.
The priest and humble penitent
He visits at confessional,
While lovers, filled with sentiment,
Join in the long processional.

The plans of princes he disturbs,
The pauper raises high in power;
All villainies he quickly curbs,
While virtue conquers in that hour.
The Polar seas, the Afric sands,
The coral isles are known to be
But puppets, in his wondrous hands,
As moulded by his majesty.

An arbiter of nations' wars,
The leaven in the loaf of sin,
The coquette's amours and her scars
Are bared to show his discipline.
To empyrean heights he soars,
From loftiest mountain tops he springs,
Unlocks the strongest prison doors,
The errant wanderer homeward brings.

Lines he transcribes, a picture draws,
Quaint fantasies of heart and mind,
He calculates effect on cause,
Sane imagery, no whit purblind.
There is no joy nor fear nor pain
He does not know, he cannot feel;
In life's bright marts, or midst the slain
He plants the impress of his seal.

THE ACTOR

Concealing heart, converting soul,
He daily must essay a part,
Emotions hide beneath control,
All subjugated to his art.
To laugh, to cry, to rant, to rave,
A smile and tear he intertwines,
Despoiled of ideals he doth crave
Anent the subject of his lines.
He ofttimes vows eternal love
To one whom passion ne'er could sway,
While then, anon, he hate must prove,
To her who rules his life each day.

Regarding nought of self, he cants
The parts some master hand did write,
And in each gesture, every glance,
Disguises well his heartfelt plight.
A hero, poltroon, soldier, slave,
A knight, a king, a savant low,
Love's sweetest messages to lave,
Then like a demon forth to go!
Concealing thus his secret soul,
He daily plies each changing part
Until, a master in control,
He reaps the harvest of his art.

THE ADVOCATE

Deep in his heart are secrets hid
Of derelicts to human laws;
But deeper must he toil amid
The true intent and fractious cause.

Long does he seek in arid soil
Some palliation for the crime
That brings to earth the son of toil,
A wreck most pitiful, sublime.

Into the felon's heart he strives
To make his way with gleam of light;
Into the harlots' broken lives
He comes to wean them back to right.

Always an arbiter of woe,
He must conserve the Christ's command,
"Thy brother's keeper," high or low;
Thus does he daily take his stand.

The curse of drink, the passion's sin
Are his to mitigate; the while
He wrestles with the power within
To keep him free from every guile.

Nor dare he weaken 'neath the load
Or high upon some hidden shoal,
He too, shall impotent, be towed
A failure, having missed his goal.

SPRING IS HERE!

Spring is here! She sends her message
Over hilltops, through the dale.
Nature everywhere proclaims it;
Beauty has withdrawn her veil.
Birds have tuned their merry pipings
To the gladsome roundelay;
While the ever welcome violet,
Greets us in the new-born day.

Spring is here! Receive her message!
See! The flowers awake to bloom;
Purple hyacinths and daisies
Are dispelling Winter's gloom;
Earth and sea and sky, in welcome
Shout aloud their gladsome cheer!
Every heart its pæan raises,
Sings for joy, "The Spring is here!"

SUMMER IS GONE

The golden brown of wooded hills
Has left the trees, and stark and bare
Those sentinels above the rills
Will turn their flanks where chill blasts flare.

The velvet carpet of the vales,
Beneath a coverlet of snow,
Shall hidden lie; and piercing wails
Of Winter's tempests fiercely blow.

The birds are silent, and the nest
We loved to watch in yonder tree
Is gone; and they like all the rest
Of Nature, seek security.

The sylvan glade no longer lures
The maid and lover to the glen;
The hunter, in his lodge, secures
His household from the wind and rain.

The violet and daffodil,
The pansy, lily and the rose
Are gone; and in their stead a chill
Now gathers all within its throes.

THE FIELDS

Out in the fields where the daisies grow,
Where the sun beams warm and the zephyrs blow,
Where the grain waves high like the rolling sea,
And the dewdrops sparkle incessantly,
Sweet is the air, and the soul gains power,
While the heart finds rest in the lonely hour ;
And the purest thoughts rule the realms we rove,
And our life is enthralled in bonds of love.

THE COMING YEAR

The embers of the dying year
Illume the ashen grate,
The memories of the past appear
The while, to chasten Fate.

Lost sunshine of a hidden day,
Again resplendent beams ;
While fantasies of Future sway
To life our dormant dreams.

The heart benumbed, now waxes strong,
Amid the year's decay,
And rising to a victor's song,
Goes forth in new array.

GOOD-BYE, OLD CENTURY!

Good-bye, old year — old Century,
We bid thee fond adieu!
Thy life hath chastened mystery,
Illumed the page of history;
And in the last consistory
Thy hoary head we rue.

Good-bye, old Century, good-bye!
We loved thee well I trow —
Thy form so seared, the crimson dye
Of patriots who bled, the cry
Of sore oppressed but deify
Thy aged, wrinkled brow.

Good-bye, old Century, once more,
Who loved us from our birth!
A child of travail, yet thou bore
Us on thy breast — at last foreswore
Thy life blood. Ne'er in ancient lore
Finds equal gift to earth.

Good-bye, old Century — no cloud
Shall dim thy setting sun!
In early morning, rich endowed
A plenteous harvest freely vowed;
Today the reaper, worn, but proud,
Thou viewest work well done!

Good-bye, old Century — at last
We sing thy triumphs, all!
Thy shroud, thy bier, a grand repast,
Shall echo down life's vale — a blast,
A clarion note. The world aghast
Shall profit in thy thrall!

THE DAY

What means this flood of morning light
That breaks upon our view?
What means the disappearing night —
The sunrise ever new?
It is the pæan of the dawn
O'er shadows gone for aye!
The strength of resurrection morn
To guide us on our way.

The sky so blue, the air so free,
The roseate hue of youth,
The blessed sunshine's deity,
Which breathes alone of truth!
The sinews for the stern travail
Of life's renewed affray,
An ally that we might prevail —
So God gave us the day!

THAT NIGHT

That night! Alone with thee! Ah, well,
A memory that's ever sweet,
A silvery anthem, like a bell
My sacred story to repeat,
Awakening all my soul's desire,
The passion of my love to tell,
The fervor of my soul's deep fire;
What hopes, resolves, thou didst inspire
That night!

Since then in Paradise I dwell,
I found a joy nought can dispel,
In thee discovered love replete,
With purity the sentinel;
All life I found for me complete,
That night!

EVENING

When the sun is slowly sinking to its rest,
Down behind the hills which blaze in fire of gold,
'Tis the hour of all the day we love the best,
When the joys of life their secrets wide unfold.
Peace is wafted on the cooling evening breeze,
Toil is vanquished and all cares are bid to flee;
And each ship comes sailing home from foreign seas,
With a cargo we unload in ecstasy.

IN THE MOUNTAIN

Come with me to yonder mountain,
I a vision have to show;
Come and view God's glorious fountain
Blessings shower down below!
Come above the din and worry
To the blessèd plains of peace;
There discard the toil and hurry,
To life's turmoil, find surcease.

Come where skies are bluer, clearer,
Where the sun shines brighter far,
Where God draws His loved ones nearer,
Resting 'neath his guiding star,
Then, from worry, pain or sorrow,
In that haven of the blest,
He will order for the morrow,
In yon mountain while you rest.

REINCARNATION

Could mine eyes again behold thee,
Could I kiss away thy tears,
Could mine arms once more enfold thee,
Heart to heart, assuage thy fears —
By thy side ascend yon mountain,
Far above all sordid pain —
There from love, life's sweetest fountain,
We might fill our cup again!

A MEMORY

Gone, gone to rest in realms of peace
From whence no wanderer e'er returns!
Of thee blest thoughts will never cease,
For love of thee my heart still burns.

Again to feel thy pressing hand
Or know thy hallowed presence near!
My heart embarks to heaven's strand,
Once more thy loving voice to hear.

Winged memory with its golden shaft
To thee mounts up, so far away!
I would thy memory ever graft
Within my life to bloom for aye!

AT MOHONK'S SHRINE

At peace, afar from busy mart,
At rest, 'mid hills of downy green,
Content where gentle zephyrs start
Their play on waters most serene.

Bright sun-smiles greet you every day,
The hills blaze gold as dusk draws nigh;
Soft silver sheen illumines the way,
When Luna treks the Eastern sky.

Quaint ripples kiss the crystal lake,
The stars peep down to cheer the gloam
And life finds peace, all seek to slake
Their vigils in this mountain home.

Gaunt Eagle Cliff and Old Sky Top
Loom up like sentinels to guard
Belated travellers who would stop
Within the vale — no joy is marred.

Then with the rising of the sun
Twin valleys open wide their view;
A day of pleasure is begun,
New marvels everywhere pursue.

To north or south you wend your way
In summer-house to rest the while;
Sweet birds chirp forth their roundelay
And Nature greets you with her smile.

Rich gardens gather at your feet,
A tapestry in colors rare,
And trophies of the woodland greet
You in your ramblings everywhere.

To Guyot's Hill and Mountain Rest
Through sylvan glade to Bonticou,
While Minnewaska from the crest
Of yonder mountain beckons you.

So come with me to Mohonk's shrine,
Where all is peace and skies are clear,
Let beauty 'round your heart entwine
To strengthen through the coming year.

SONG OF MY HEART

Song of my heart, when night winds blow,
Out to your presence sweet dreams flow.

Song of my heart, when daylight breaks,
Thou art the vision dawn o'ertakes.

Song of my heart, when shines the sun,
Love speeds far on its ardent run —

Straight away to my lady fair,
Finding a restful haven there.

Then with the wane of afternoon,
Peaceful, content, in full attune,

Life sings of love! A glorious day,
In sweet repose, 'neath Cupid's sway!

Once more the night, each sweet moonbeam
Awakes anew, my song, my dream,

Guiding my path through starry sky,
Where dwells my love! To thee I fly.

Ne'er may that peace from me depart,
Thou who art love, art life, sweetheart!

MY FLOWER

I would have sent thee roses,
If I but dare;
But as when daylight closes,
The moon so fair
Comes on its journey smiling
Across the sky,
Our thoughts and hearts beguiling,
Then you and I
Are thankful for the blessing
Of such a night
And find in love confessing,
A newborn light.

L'ENVOI

I would have sent thee roses,
But I despair,
Nature in you discloses
A flower more rare.

MY LADY'S MOODS

Her moods are like the winds that blow,
Capricious, changing ever,
I know not whence they come or go,
Like mountain stream they onward flow,
To guide her each endeavor.

Her smile reflects the May-day sun,
Her frown, December's frosting.
From early morn till day is spun,
I note each change, and every one
Is dearer in the costing.

When shadows cross her radiant smile,
 I know some evil's brewing;
So then, I tarry just awhile
 Without her bower, and beguile
Her love with constant wooing,

Till every cloud has disappeared,
 And in the daylight dawning,
To me she's evermore endeared;
 And in the light now reappeared
I view a brighter morning.

CONFESSIONAL

Within the heart there sometimes flickers low
 A strange desire,
Till messenger from Cupid's realm lights slow
 An endless fire.

A song that bard ne'er sung nor music strained
 Is ofttimes heard —
A carol of the soul, by fear constrained,
 A jewel each word.

The rising song new beauty tends to claim,
 From day to day.
Till smouldering ashes of the heart aflame,
 To blaze give way.

The song, so long unsung, uncertain mist,
 Awakes anew;
The story that it tells is but a tryst,
 My love, with you.

Go, my repressèd song, and herald loud
That all may hear,
At your heart's gate I stand no longer cowed,
But bold appear!

And bid my voice once dumb, a richness rare
Around it fling,
As mailed in love thy knight seeks entrance there,
With thee to sing.

So that the silent music of that night
Within thy breast,
May tell to all the world, emblazoned bright,
A love confessed!

COULD I BUT KNOW!

Could I but know what those teardrops might tell
As from their innermost recess they well,
Do they for joy or sorrow flow?
Could I but know! Could I but know!

Could I but read your every silent thought
That on your heart so clearly may be wrought,
Do they from love or distrust grow?
Could I but know! Could I but know!

Could I but cure your every pain with joy,
Your love for me without attaint or cloy
Would flood my soul, my cup o'erflow.
This do I know! This do I know!

I WONDER?

I wonder if the dewdrop loves the rose,
As it gently falls each morning from the sky:
Does it tenderly in dulcet tones propose
As upon her crimson breast it haps to lie?

I wonder if the river loves the shore,
As it wends its endless passage to the sea:
Does it chant sweet melody beneath the roar,
That shall echo on throughout eternity?

I wonder if the sunbeam loves the cloud,
As he tenderly caresses her each day:
Does he hold aloof or act in manner proud,
Or embrace each fleeting rift in lover's play?

I wonder then if like the dew, the stream,
Or the sunbeam, is the heart that thrills with love,
Waking up a dormant soul from phantom dream,
To a Paradise of joy like that above?

WHO KNOWS?

My love, how I sigh for the blushes
That tinge the sweet face of the rose;
For the secret of weeping in music
That only the nightingale knows.

I envy the grace of the willow
That sways in the breath of the morn;
For the brightness and joy of the blossoms
That nestle in grasses, unborn.

'Tis not to be courted by princes,
Nor even be lauded in song;
But it is not for this I'm despairing —
For loveliness perfect I long;

But had I the grace of the willow,
The beauty, the blush of the rose,
You might fathom my heart's deepest secret,
At last even love me! Who knows?

I KNOW

The rose may bloom for aye and aye,
The nightingale may sing,
The willow bend and bow and break;
The morning sunlight ring,
The dew may shine as drops of pearl,
The blossoms bud and blow;
And Nature everywhere rejoice,
Yet one thing would I know:

That lovelier than rose or bird,
Or willow, sun or dew,
Is just a heart where love abides
And shines each day anew.
Where souls can meet in kindred thought,
Where minds commune at rest:
'Tis thus I know thee as thou art,
'Tis thus I love thee best!

REFLECTION

When she smiles, the sun is dawning
And her brightness floods my soul;
Life becomes eternal morning,
I, her slave, in love's control.

When she breathes, 'tis zephyrs blowing
From the woodland to the sea;
And my heart is set a-glowing
In most joyous ecstasy!

When she speaks, comes gently stealing
From Olympus sweetest strains;
And the echoes, ever pealing,
In my soul awake refrains.

When she loves, earth has no measure
Equal to the flame divine,
Of the ardent passion's pleasure
Surging o'er this heart of mine!

AVEC PLAISIR!

Yes, people change. We met, you know,
'Twas August just two years ago;
You wore red roses in your hair
The day we met. I called you fair.
Our conversation seemed to flow
Like living water, to and fro,
Seemed filled with joy — or was it woe?
Somehow I did not seem to know,
I could not tell, for you were there.

Yes, people change!

Today my thoughts again roamed there.
Tonight, the present fills the air.
A wedding march strains soft and slow,
A wedding gown like drifted snow
You wear, as up the aisle you fare.
For Tom a bridal wreath you bear;
And I? Somehow I wandered there;
And truth — somehow I do not care!
I should have cared a year ago —

Yes, people change!

LOVE'S CITADEL

Were I a bird,
I'd soar to heights
Above the din and strife;
To find thee there,
O heart so fair,
And weld thee to my life!

Were I a rose,
I'd nestle close
Beside thy cheek and rest,
To take my hue
And perfume, too,
From thee, so pure and blest.

Were I the sun,
I'd seek my light
From thy deep azure eyes;
To find my day
Would last always
In love's eternal skies!

THE HEART'S PLEA

Tell me of thy joy! That through my future life,
An echo of thine own shall carol sweet.
I would thy sunshine know and troublous strife —
That one grand harmony shall rise replete.
Thus would the darkness of my constant night
From thee reflect a radiance clear and bright.
Tell me of thy joy!

Tell me of thy woe! Thy sorrow and thy pain,
That I may banish all untuneful mirth.
I ask to share thy sadness, 'tis my gain —
It gives to me requite of endless worth.
Love hast thou me denied; but this thy woe,
I bid thee share with one who loves thee so.
Tell me of thy woe!

I LOVE YOU

Sweeter thought ne'er found expression,
Never sweeter tones were heard,
God ne'er answered such confession
As the music of each word,
Of the heart which to another
Whispers every day anew,
Tells the story of its longing
In the words "I love but you."

Life may have its sheen and darkness;
Clouds may lower and depart,
Sunshine cast its rays or shadows,
O'er the wounded, aching heart;
But no sunshine e'er illumed —
Never fell from Heaven such dew —
As the sunshine or the falling
Of the whisper "I love you."

YOUR PRESENCE

When day has ceased its hum of toil,
And drawn the coverlet of night —
When all the weary sons of soil,
Begrimed and tired, of their right
Lay down their task their rest to take,
To gather strength, before the dawn
Bids them a journey new to make —
Upon the sunshine of the morn,
'Tis then in solitude I sit
And from the heavens far above,
I gaze into that space, starlit,
To glean one spark that breathes of love.
I see a face, so wondrous fair,
I hear a voice, so sweet and clear,
That in the glory over there
I feel your presence ever near.

L'ENVOI

So as the shadows come and go,
While sunshine lights my path, I know
That you are with me, night and day,
To help me, cheer me, on my way.

A NATION WEEPS

(To Lincoln)

A Nation weeps!
And in the mingling of the tears,
A world joins in our grief.

An honored chief,
Who found his duty ever plain,
Is cowardly laid low.

The while we stand,
With bated breath and anxious hearts
The outcome to await.

While God above,
Who, in the hollow of His hand,
Has sealed our destiny,

Will hear the prayers
Which every anxious heart lifts up
To Him! A Nation weeps!

WILLIAM McKINLEY

A nation grieves! Its tributes bring
To lay them at the feet
Of one who ruled, a mighty King
Yet mingled as was meet
With subjects of the humblest kind.
How well he knew his part
In life was through the strife to wind
A halo 'round each heart —
To feel the pain, to know the bliss,
That stirs a nation's seas —
To struggle 'neath the sensuous kiss
Of Fate, till Death relieves
The toiler of his load of care,
The liege of homage here —
To rise upon a nation's prayer,
And God meet without fear;
The while the nation mourns its loss,
A gain which he receives —
Most firmly on our hearts emboss
The truth — *A nation grieves!*

THE VACANT PEW

The preacher's in the pulpit,
The flock have wandered in,
And take their places one by one
Forgetful of life's din.

The organist is playing,
The choir arise to sing;
But still an absentee all note,
A break within the ring.

"The pew before the altar,"
I softly heard one say,
"Is vacant now, its occupant
Was buried yesterday."

A ruthless hand, a Judas,
Has laid the loved one low,
Has robbed the Nation of its chief;
And one who loved him so

Is parted from a comrade,
The comrade of her life
Who smoothed so oft the rugged path;
Whose every thought was "wife."

The soldiers lose a leader,
A valiant, gallant chief,
No more to war, he finds surcease
Beyond the great relief.

The nation's loss, a ruler,
The people's loss, a friend,
While North and South, all hearts unite
And in the anguish blend

Their voices with the praises,
Of him who knew their needs,
Who joined in hands of friendship strong
All factions, races, creeds.

The patriot is martyred,
The Christian, who has trod
The straight and narrow way through life
Has gone to meet his God.

The hearts that bow in sorrow,
We find so hard to bear
Unite in one glad song of praise,
Unite in ardent prayer,

To Him who rules forever,
Whose Kingdom is for aye,
Who, though He move mysteriously,
His precepts we obey.

So hearts and hands uplifted
To God on high, we view,
Most reverently his whilom place;
Henceforth — a vacant pew.

VETERANS

A sturdy band of yesteryear,
With days of conflict long since o'er,
They meet in memory's glorious cheer
To dwell again in days of yore.
They conjure up the thrilling race
O'er track and field, on grassy green;
The battle through a gruelling pace
Is now recalled as most serene.

Some gained the prize and some but praise;
Some missed the wreath and victor's song;
Some faltered for the cheers to raise,
And waited with their spurt too long.
But in the race of after life,
With handicaps since overcome,
The vanquished then, now lead the strife;
While former victor's pulse is numb.

The contests of the long ago
Give way to battles in the mart,
Where both the speedy and the slow
Can win, with sturdy mind and heart.
So those, whose racing days are o'er,
With still a mighty course to run,
Have yet the battle and the gore
Of scrimmage, e'er the game is won.

Come, ring the tocsin! Bugles blow,
To arms! You mighty men of brawn,
The seeds you yesterday did sow,
Must reap a harvest in the dawn,
Which soon must break upon your gaze—
Award the prize in life's stern fight,
That joy shall crown your future days
And peace assure when comes the night!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Listen for their gladsome chime,
"Peace on Earth!" anew, is bringing
With an ecstasy sublime.
E'en the stars join in the chorus,
All on earth with joy are singing,
Of the day when Christ, who for us
Came to earth at Christmas time!

Hark! again the bells are singing,
Far and wide with joyful sound,
Down the vale, with vibrant ringing,
O'er the hills so clear resound.
Hear the message and the story
Which the Shepherds heard while bringing
Gifts, the Christ has come in glory,
Peace on Earth, at last, is found.

A TOAST

Here's to Friendship, firm and true,
As pure as Heaven's deepest blue;
The tie that binds mankind so fast
That naught can rend while life shall last!
When storms assail, when sorrows reign,
Or sunlight floods our lot again,
Through joy or sorrow, peace or strife,
This bond of union cheers our life.
So fill all glasses, fill them up!
And drink to Friendship — drain the cup!

CHRISTMAS

The little town of Bethlehem
Is wrapt in slumber deep;
Far out upon Judea's plain,
Their vigils shepherds keep.

The stars are fading one by one,
Behind a burst of light
That creeps across the eastern hills,
A dirge of dying night.

When suddenly from overhead
All heard a glorious strain,
It carolled music down the vale
Out toward the distant plain!

On, on, the chorus seemed to swell
"To God on high we raise
Our hallelujahs, for a Child
To whom we give all praise.

“Today is born of David’s line,
The Saviour, Christ the King,
Before whom every knee shall bow !”
Thus did the angels sing.

“To men be peace, good will and love,
From now henceforth, amen !”
Then onward passed the merry choir
Toward waking Bethlehem.

The shepherds from their lethargy
To action then awoke ;
Bestirring to Judea’s town,
Of which the angels spoke.

There in a manger, clothed in white,
The Babe was found displayed.
In wonderment and joy to Heaven,
Thanksgivings there they made.

The Saviour of Mankind, Our King,
In lowly station born
To free the world of sin and shame,
God’s gift, that Christmas morn.

The years have grown to centuries,
Yet joy this birth foretells —
’Tis why today we sing our praise,
We ring the Christmas bells !

AFTERMATH

When all the flare of battle has been spent,
When armaments are burned to molten lead,
When Peace, at last enthroned, shall live again,
Where will be found the haven of the dead?
Not those who fell before the curse of greed
And fill some unknown grave on foreign shore.
Not those who rest beneath the briny deep,
The victims of Earth's most barbaric "lore";
But wives and mothers, who have sacrificed
The manhood of the nations at the shrine
Of patriotic duty and record
The gift, with hearts and lives almost divine.
To them, the day is spent, the sun has set,
The morrow only brings the dawn of joy —
So is the womanhood of Freedom's call,
Who sends afield her pride, her life, her boy.

"AFTER NINETEEN CENTURIES"

(THE GOD OF BATTLE)

I sat beside the Judgment Throne,
The King of Kings with outstretched hands
Was weighing in the balances
The conflicts of the warring bands.
The scales hung high, again dropped low
As cannons roared, and carnage swept
O'er land and sea, where valorous men
Were falling: and in anguish wept.

I heard the pleas from near and far,
The mockeries of sordid gain,
The bland excuse of hypocrites
Who offered up their prayers in vain.
"God is our Guide," the Kaiser cries,
"So victory must come our way,"
While King and Czar and Emperor
Acclaim "God is our shield and stay."

The Sultan pleads "Oh, Allah, Bless."
A President entreats and prays
"O Gracious God, our land avenge
The insults of the ancient days."
The while the battle rages on
Brave sons of nations dying fast
Beneath the lash of tyrant Lords;
With Neutrals looking on aghast.

Then turned I to the Throne and saw
The King of Kings adjust the scales,
Remove a Czar, a President,
And substitute the Cross and Nails;
A King and Emperor gave way
And in their place a Crown of Thorns
Appeared, while in the Kaiser's sphere
A Man of Sorrows, bows and mourns.

The cannons stilled their mighty roar,
The hymns of battle found surcease
As swept abroad through all the earth
A mighty mandate "To all — peace!
"I am the God of all mankind
My children people every land
Lay by the sword, bestill the roar,"
Thus echoed on the blest command.

And from the mountain, hill and vale
From out the cavern, o'er the sea,
The messengers of peace returned
To bear a glorious victory.
The blessed victory of love,
The flower of Resurrection morn
To grow through days of earthly strife
Until Eternity's blest dawn.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT!

The dawn of Peace! A blessed gift
To all mankind this Christmas morn.
The clouds of war disperse; a rift
Of sunlight greets a world forlorn.
The night of death, the cruel lust,
The avarice of selfish Kings
At last is buried in the dust
Of Liberty. Blest Freedom sings!
Our martyrs did not die in vain
If autocratic sway is dead:
The sacrifice of blood, the pain,
Are but the price of freedmen's bread,
The Master died to make men free,
He bore the cross and bitter scorn;
This was the price He paid, that we
Should greet our time on brighter morn.
So, come this blessed Christmas Day,
Attune thy hearts with joy and mirth,
Assuage thy grief, a roundelay
Springs from thy lips; 'Tis peace on Earth.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

(Dedicated to the Salvation Army)

Around the dug-outs, near each trench
There grew a dainty flower;
Its perfume wafted o'er the stench,
Which grew from hour to hour
Inside the barbs of No-Man's-Land,
In shell-holes, mud and mire,

Where heroes made their final stand
Beneath hell's grilling fire.
When bombs were bursting overhead
A lass, with sunny smile,
Encouraged, succored, cheered and fed
Our warriors brave the while;
And when the smoke of conflict waned,
To bivouac or hut
Each maid would go and soon regained
A place of cheer — and cut
Quaint links of friendship for each lad,
Who, sore and hungry, too,
Was resting far beyond the mad,
Mad Prussian parvenu.
Their boiling coffee soon refreshed
Each drooping body, spent;
Each doughnut, every heart enmeshed
In wondrous home — content.
And so they lived and served and fought
With true fidelity,
Until the Victory was brought
Back home to you and me.

L'ENVOI

Throughout the ever changing years,
When cannons still their roar,
When joy shall stir our hearts, and tears
Shall ease the curse of war,
The great Salvation Army, will
Within each soldier's heart,
Remain enshrined, and always fill
Blest mem'ry's sacred part.

ROOSEVELT!

Man shall be free! This was his creed;
Nor did he ever swerve afar
From off that path. He sowed the seed
Of true democracy. No Star
Shall more resplendent shine when man
Through all our future history
Shall view the firmament and scan
For Light in that consistory.
For this, the Fathers fought and died,
For this, did Lincoln pay the price;
And so our hero stemmed the tide
Of avarice with sacrifice.
His love of Country knew no bounds,
His love of Truth knew no restraint,
The traitor, always he confounds,
The venal, marked he with their taint.
The cruel chains of golden power
He sundered with a mighty force;
When clouds of greed appeared to lower,
He shattered them and turned their course.
He sought the paths of righteousness,
And, when assailed, he did not run,
But fought all wrongs, and in the stress,
His face was always toward the sun.
And now, this warrior is gone,
He passes on, his God to meet,
Who was his Guide. The battle won,
He lays his trophies at His feet.
And, while he gains the other shore,
We stand in awe beside his shrine
To mourn our loss forevermore,
While ever shall his mem'ry shine.

KING ALBERT COMES TO BRUSSELS!

The King is back in Brussels!
The four long years of war
Are gone. And now, his people
Acclaim him as of yore.
Flags fly from every window,
Eyes fill with tears of joy;
The enemy is banished:
Peace reigns without alloy.
Sad hearts there are, in anguish,
For loved ones passed away,
Some fallen in defending
Their land from German sway;
While others are but "missing,"
Their fate a somber maze.
But see! the clouds are fleeting
Beneath the sun's warm rays,
The once invaded homeland,
In ruins, desolate,
Awakes from Hun possession,
As Albert comes, in state,
To claim again his Kingdom,
His people, rescued, free
To love, to wed, to labor
In true security.
And Peace and Joy ride with him,
The World before him bows
As tribute to the Nation
That bled to keep its vows.
The King is back in Brussels,
Though battle scarred and blown,

And loyal hearts surround him
To claim him for their own.
As monarch true he suffered,
And for their cause he fought:
He stayed the arms of Prussians
And never could be bought.
So as he rides through Brussels,
Mankind attests, that he,
Through crucible of fire,
Sustained World Liberty.

OUR BOY

Dimpled, plump and chubby,
Weighs a thirty pound,
Chirping like the little birds,
As he romps around.
Smiling, laughing, full of fun,
Fills each heart with joy;
Always chasing cares away —
Our boy!

Big brown eyes that sparkle
Bright as summer dew;
Lips of crimson, made to kiss,
Thrill us through and through.
Lispings softly words unknown,
We each sound enjoy,
For our hearts well understand —
Our boy!

THE TRUE AMERICAN

Fifty thousand golden stars
Are calling you and me
To buy a bond and pay the price
Of world-wide Liberty.

Wounded heroes, coming home,
Are bringing o'er the sea
A message written deep in blood,
Assuring Victory.

Valiant Mothers, bowed in grief,
Are joining the refrain,
To show your love for Freedom's cause,
That men died not in vain.

Anxious Nations, wait and watch
The answer of each man
To heed the call and so proclaim
The true American.

Forward then, each patriot,
While duty calls — obey!
The tocsin sounds! up — o'er the top!
There is no other way.

DRIVE ON!

Drive on! ye sons of Freedom's cause,
Drive on, and rid the earth of all
The brutal Huns, who break the laws
Of God and nations, great and small.
From Cambrai to the gates of Metz,
From Baltic Sea and southern shore
Drive on, and satisfy the debts,
Of Prussian greed with Prussian gore.
Drive on across their frontier line,
From north and south, from east and west,
Assail the Danube and the Rhine;
O'er Berlin's ruins raise thy crest.
Drive on, that God shall live again
In hearts that long since know him not;
Drive on, so force of arms obtain
The lasting Peace. 'Til then, the blot
Of ravished women, children slain,
Of God's most sacred shrines profaned,
Shall not be balanced nor the reign
Of law and equity sustained.
And while our gallant troops drive on,
Are we true comrades in the fight?
Do we take part in battles won?
Are we true watchmen of the night?
The Bridge of Ships to meet the foe
We fain must build; we must supply
The food, the armament that go
To conquer land and sea and sky.
We, fighting here behind the line,
Must reinforce our warriors bold;

From bank and workshop, home and mine
Ope up thy coffers, pour thy gold!
Thy Country calls, the tocsin sounds
"Buy bonds! buy bonds!" pass it along
'Til Freedom reaches Earth's last bounds
"Drive on; Buy bonds!" 'tis Freedom's song.

WHAT OF A DAY

Does the night bring cooling nectar
To the passions of the soul?
Or the rather, raise a specter
That to terror gives control.
Will the dawn bear new illusions
That to pain shall bring surcease?
Or will wondrous new confusions
Conjure forth a day of peace?
Shall the mid-day flood the torrid
Sunshine with a reign of fear?
Or send clouds to screen the florid
Pain and dissipate each tear?
Does the sunset with its coming
Bring the shadows sweet with rest?
When the day is done, what summing
Shall pronounce it ill or blest?

A NEW DAY

Black clouds of War at last disperse:
The cannons still their frightful din:
And Peace has overcome the curse
Of greed and avarice. Shall in
The morning of this day, arise
A sun with glow and warmth so true,
That generations shall apprise
The cost to men who dared to do?
Will Hist'ry count the endless host
As having bled and died in vain?
Will ashes from this holocaust
Revive the seeds of faith again?
The fear and hate, the pain, the loss
Must vanish, as the dawn shall break
Upon a day, when with their cross
Brave women rise, their course to take
Adown the trail that leads afar
Across the fields their loved ones knew;
Besides the billows, where each star
Recalls his voice, his touch, anew.
Their strength shall bind, their wisdom guide,
Their patience shall assuage the price;
And, in their sorrow, deified,
They glory in their sacrifice.
And in the sunlight of that day
Man shall know man as ne'er before.
So, in true Brotherhood, a way
Of lasting Peace shall banish War.

THE WEDDING DAY

Thou day, of all the days, the best!
How can we thank thee for the love
That burns so radiantly — a test
Through life's turmoil to daily prove?
A path thou showed me, such an one,
That only pure in heart may take;
A roadway where each task is won,
A highway, lovers ne'er forsake.

Thou loosed the bonds of youthful sin,
Thou closed the doors on folly's deeds;
Thou bid'st me enter realms, within
Which, once we enter, fill all needs.
To me was shown the Promised Land,
Thou gav'st a helpmate to my soul,
And life's new horoscope I scanned,
A skillful pilot in control.

Thou didst not hide the angry sea,
Which our frail bark must often breast,
Thou didst not veil in mystery
Life's climb to tallest mountain crest;
But to our anxious eyes discerned
The Future, with each sacrifice,
And seeing, I the more but yearned
To enter, knowing love'd suffice

To bear me safely o'er the road
To my Elysium so fair,
Would ease the pressure of each load,
Would dissipate each trial and care.

So welcome thrice, thou festal day!
Thou day of all the days the best!
We thank thee; and our lives shall say
That in thy birth our lot was blest!

DEVELOPMENT

Acquaintanceship, a tiny seed
Is planted in an idle hour.
It casts its root, where'er it will,
That all may feel its magic power.

And thus it thrives from day to day,
Beset by storms, or fed by rains,
Until as Friendship's beauteous bud,
It leavens Life's distracting pains.

As Friendship then it flings its cloak,
Protecting from the chilly wind
That smites our heart, or summer drought,
A haven of repose we find.

Thus facing ills that oft beset
Our lot, blest ties we learn to prove;
Until the fragrance of the bud
Breaks forth in flower, we name it Love.

For days the flower blooms and grows
'Neath storms and trials, care and pain;
It brings to Life its sweetest joys,
Which all mankind seeks to attain.

AD VITAM

'Tis done, the work of passèd years,
The bonds are loosed, the fetters free;
The plaudits interspersed with jeers,
Are gone save but in memory.
The world so fair before him lies,
Which yesternight was drear and cold;
His was the effort cleared the skies,
Dispelled the gloom, recast the mold.
He dared to do, while others slept,
He fain would fight, when others fled,
Where sorrow seared, he toiled and wept,
A friend to love, a foe to dread.

To reach the heights of righteous deeds
How valiantly, through stress, he climbed,
Destroying all the muck and weeds
That 'neath his feet were intertwined.
But now, 'tis done, the work is o'er,
His sword is sheathed, his pen uplaid,
Another stands beside the door,
In panoply of State arrayed,
Prepared to carry on the fight;
Equipped to wage where he was found;
Instilled to battle for the right,
Assuage all grief and cleanse each wound.

And so the patriot's swelling heart
Resounds anon, as on his way
He passes, and the leading part
He quits to let another play.

'Tis done, O chief, thy work is done,
The mastery that crowned thee Sage,
Must ever shine as life is run,
Must e'er illumine history's page;
And bring the future, weal or woe,
Thy glories and thy Nation's fame
Must reap the harvest thou didst sow;
Will aye revere thine honored name!

VESPERS

What is your meed of the passèd year?
Did you stay a sob, assuage a tear?
Did you help some soul attain its goal,
Or master self, assert control
Of passion's sway, or your heart's desires?
Hast gained command of insensate fires,
That wreck a life or consume in strife
Ephemeral baubles, always rife?
Did you staunch the flow of bleeding hearts
Or find your joy in Bacchantic marts?

Have you submerged self or hunted pelf
In dark recess or sequestered shelf?
O'erhaul your stock, was it gain or loss,
Have you refined gold or only dross?
Have you made your stand on solid land,
Or built your hopes on the shifting sand?
With the dawning day, let's start anew
Through the coming year, to dare and do
What is clean and pure, so we secure
Substantial joys that for aye endure!

MOUNTAIN VESPERS

The sun has set, the breezes blow
The fleecy clouds o'er yonder mount;
The rainbow colors come and go
Like zephyrs from some heavenly fount.
The trees are limned against the sky
That laves the stillly water's bank,
While silently we deify
The stars that come — a sentry rank

To guide you up the sylvan path
And lead you through the mystic night
To memory, — blest aftermath —
Of hours in fairyland bedight!
Now silvery sheen appears around
The mountain top. Its gorgeous well
Is spread and on enchanted ground
We bow beneath the magic spell.

At last, Fair Luna, sails in view,
Of all this grandeur to be Queen.
Dispensing joy, we hopes renew
And breathe the glory most serene.
Then when the breezes fade away,
When skies grow dank before the morn,
The soul in ecstasy doth pray;
True peace is found and life reborn.

FOR YOU! FOR ME?

For you, for you, ah blissful thought,
'Tis but for you I live!
That in the journey o'er life's path,
While others weep, perchance may laugh,
'Tis but from one cup I would quaff;
All else would I surrender — give
For you!

And as my life ebbs slowly on,
'Tis thoughts of you that creep
Into my heart, to cares release,
To fears allay or joys increase;
And so I rest in perfect peace,
With love sown in my heart quite deep
For you!

For me, for me, oh harrowed thought,
It fills my restless mind;
Shall friendship ripen into love,
When earthly ties we seek to prove?
'Tis then we look to realms above,
Where burns, perchance a thought most kind
For me!

For me, for me, when others fail
If only *thou* art true!
When friendship's ties are cold and numb,
And lips that plead in death are dumb,
Oh, if in life, whate'er may come,
I ask, "Live I for you — would you —
For me?"

TO A ROSE

I chanced upon a rosebud as I passed the window by,
It seemed to smile upon me from its citadel on high,
Its perfume wafted to me by each zephyr from the
trees,

A savant brought me bowing very humbly to my
knees.

The sun so slyly, lovingly, embraced its fragile form,
And made me envy e'en the bees who daily love to
swarm

Around the beauteous petals, seeking for the honey
rare,

And so I softly whispered to the gods an ardent
prayer;

A prayer to draw me closer to the heart within the
throes

Of life, which moved and thrived and dwelt within
that fragrant rose.

JUNE

How sweet the perfume of the fields,

How musical the brook!

The song birds, with their tuneful lays

Awake each forest nook.

How fragrant every budding flower,

All Nature sings attune,

For life again breaks forth anew,

'Tis glorious, sunny June!

The snowy coverlet is gone
From off the hilltops green.
The icy roads, through forest drear,
Are nowhere to be seen ;
The sombre stillness of the night
Beams 'neath the mellow moon,
And beauty, brightness, all attest
Thy glory, Sunny June!

A SPRING ZEPHYR

My soul, awake!
The spring is here,
The birds sing loud their lay ;
The hillsides quake,
While far and near
Life breathes a new-born day!

The sky is blue,
The valley green,
The rivers scream in glee.
My heart is true,
My soul serene
Sings in its ecstasy.

So love, awake!
The spring is here,
Arise, be happy, too.
To wood and lake,
Alike so dear,
I would away with you!

THE OPEN DOOR

A cry sounds from the leas,
Rebounding o'er the seas,
'Midst foment of a strife,
A dismal wail, oppression's flail,
Comes pleading for a life.
A nation with its woes,
In Death's garroting throes,
Gives but a dying groan;
A hurtling horde, with gun and sword,
Bestills each 'scaping moan.
'Tis China's sacred shore
That reeks in wildest gore.
The blood of all her land,
Spilled by the greed and anxious need
Of nations, dyes her strand;
While pretext, lust of gain,
The Cæsar's old refrain,
But spurs the allies on.
From cavern, hill — 'cross river, rill,
The dirge resounds anon.
In name of Christ they press,
Their grievance to redress,
A hypocrite each one;
With hands of steel, for woe not weal,
They throttle with the gun.
Demanding rights galore,
They sue a harrowing war,
A stench to reach the skies,
Till peace shall reign. An empire twain
Shall be the victor's prize.

The cradle of the earth,
Whence mankind owes its birth,
Is shorn of all its plumes,
While Occident, on prey intent,
Its secret store exhumes
To pillage, maim, destroy!
In mimicry, a toy
To leave for centuries,
While from the brew, we see askew
Earth's new suzerainties.

The Orient despoiled,
The nations all turmoiled,
The fittest but survives
To wield its brawn, till Time's last dawn
Alone antagonize.
Must thus depleted be
The world's maternity,
To satiate the greed
Of monarchs bold, for fame and gold?
Is this the Christian's creed?

Ye men of liberty
The future lies with thee;
America her part
Fain has to play, must prove today
Her influence in the mart.
To thee of lands most brave,
To extricate and save
A nation ridden sore
Is duty plain. Despising gain
Maintain the open door.

DESTINY

While wandering up the mountain side,
 Within a sylvan glade,
Far, far, above the surging tide,
 Beneath the woodland shade,
I spied a lonely, beauteous flower —
 A gem of purest gold,
A friend to cheer a lonely hour,
 Within my breast to fold.
Its perfume wafted on the breeze
 Revived my drooping soul,
A savant, brought me to my knees,
 My heart acclaimed control;
I blessed the star which led along
 My steps to realms above
The selfish struggles of the throng
 That knoweth nought of love;
And wandering up the mountain side
 Within that sylvan glade,
I knew that I had found my bride
 Beneath the woodland shade.

THE HELPING HAND

There is no joy too small to share
 With those who sorrow-laden, plod;
There is no grief too great to bear,
 When leaning on the arm of God.

The hermit in his lonely glen,
 Sequestered from all joys of earth,
Finds solace in the sunlight, when,
 From 'neath the storm, it gains new birth.

The soldier, coming from the fray,
 Forgets the carnage and the roar
Of battle, and pursues his way,
 To home and peace forevermore.

The human derelict finds hope
 When anchored to a friendly smile;
The prodigal forgets to grope
 In darkness, if one take the while

To right his boat, to lend an oar,
 Give courage to the trembling hand,
That, making for the distant shore,
 Wins safety on the rock-bound strand.

Forget not then, when cares are rife,
 Surcease lies but beyond the pale;
That from the bitterness of strife
 The joy of peace must soon avail:

Forget not, when the day is bright,
When roads are smooth and pastures green,
That others, trav'ling in the night,
Need but a call to intervene,

And they will leave the murky path,
Will breathe the golden sunlight, too;
And in the fruitful aftermath,
Life will be sweet, to them and you!

FAITH

Art thou so settled as the fixèd stars,
As yonder bird within its swinging cage?
Art thou so weary of thy gilded bars
That know of life nought but their narrow gauge?
What are the chains that hold thee from the mart,
That bind thee close and stay thy upward flight?
Does rancor fasten in thy secret heart
And cloud thy day till all around is night?

Hast thou no castle in far Spain, to buoy
That wrestles with thy soul to give it birth?
Hast thou no goal, no aim nor secret joy,
Thy sinking soul distraught in seas of dearth?
Come, gird thy loins with hope, thy fears remove,
Take courage from the lives of honest men;
Attune the discord of thy life with love,
And sow the seeds of faith and strength again!

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

The little things in life all count
To ease the heavy load;
'Tis not the pressure of the mount,
But rather, just the goad.
The burdens we soon learn to bear,
Each test survive with ease;
But needless trifles oft appear
To worry, fret, displease.

No jeweled gift nor rich brocade,
Can smooth the rugged path
Of loveless lives that droop and fade,
Beneath the cruel wrath
Of lost affection, unkind word
Or thoughtless oversight,
That with a spark would soon be stirred
Into contentment bright.

A smile is like a helping hand
To strengthen those depressed;
The kindly word will soon command
Cruel hatred and unrest.
Then as we journey may we strive
To cleanse the very fount;
Removing ills, let but survive
The little things that count.

LIFE'S LINES

'Twas but a line!
How oft a line will turn a bark,
And guide it from the waters dark!
How oft will extricate and save
A struggler battling with the wave!
Again, when childhood games we play,
It holds us in the sunny way:
And when the hoary locks are grown
And scattered o'er our paths are blown
The remnants of our merriment,
We gaze upon a life so spent,
And struggling up the last incline
Perceive all future joy — a line
That links us to the dying past,
And so we anxiously hold fast.

Thus during life we cast our lines
According as our heart opines,
We bind in closest friendship those
Who struggle near us in life's throes;
And when perchance Fate sends our way
A stranger who would meet the fray,
Would fight life's battles by our side,
Would help us stem the surging tide,
We cast a line to draw him fast,
That in our journey there might last
A self-denying friendship true,
To last as long as life we woo.
A memory I thus entwine
Around my heart — 'tis but a line.

THE TREND OF YEARS

Bowed 'neath the silver grey of Time,
A mentor inexorable,
Still trudging up the steeps sublime,
To regions unexplorable,
The weary traveler plods his way,
The mind and body racked with pain;
His journey never once to stay,
The future holding nought of gain.

Raised to the heights of fame and power,
The Master of life's sordid climb,
He turns to view each passèd hour,
To hear once more each hollow chime.
How bright the childhood hours burn
With roses blooming by his path!
How ardently he would return,
Relinquishing the aftermath!

How pleasant were those hours of youth,
When one bright star illumed his way,
Till suddenly, a cloud forsooth
Destroyed his happiness for aye!
With all hope razed, the starlight dimmed,
He gropes along the mountain side
Through manhood. With ambition limned
In fainter colors, he's descried

Still seeking for the light he knew
In days long past — now buried far
Beneath the ruins, tears and dew
Of years. And still that radiant star
Shines brightly in his heaven of love,
Still kindles in his heart a flame,
Still guides him to that realm above,
E'en God Himself could not defame!

And now beneath the grey of Time
Though broken, shattered, weary, pained,
He trudges still those steeps sublime,
Where, when the ascent he has gained,
He turns to view the ruins drear, —
The blasted hopes of life laid low;
And poignant though each flowing tear,
He reaps the harvest he did sow.

THE SOWERS

O'er the hill crest creeps the sun
In beautiful array,
Heralding "New day begun!
Work for all, excuse for none.
Rise! Awake!" for he hath spun
An all eventful day.

Watch the toilers as they rise,
Some hurriedly, some slow;
They an artifice devise
Who cannot their sloth disguise;
Others spurred by enterprise,
Are off, their seeds to sow.

Far toward the east and west,
The harvest fields we view.
Zealous toilers, thy bequest
Lies before thee. There attest.
Thy clear title. Rise, quit rest!
Go show what thou canst do!

View the sluggard, shambling come
With bated breath and slow —
Marching on morose and mum,
Of life's woof but endless thrum —
Always sulky, quarrelsome,
He doggedly doth sow.

Seeds are scattered left and right
Across the sunlit field,
Sown in weakness, sown in might,
Sown in darkness, sown in light,
Sown in drought, by waters bright —
To die or harvest yield.

Mark the idler quit his task,
Desert his field, his hoe;
Frail excuse invents, a mask
O'er him draws, an artful casque,
Hoping thus 'neath rest to bask
While others for him sow.

Day hath spent her course at last,
The reckoning hour is come.
Honest toilers hail the blast;
While the sluggard looks aghast,
Retribution's stern forecast
Thus strikes him, helpless, dumb!

AS WE SOW

Have we pain?

If so, 'tis but to leaven life,
That in the future we may gain
The mastery o'er sinful strife,
And blessedness obtain.

Have we loss?

If so, 'tis but a jeweled crown,
That scatters to the wind the dross —
The harvesting of seed well sown
And vict'ry by a cross.

Have we grief?

If so, 'tis but the Master's way,
That, suffering, we might find relief —
The brightness of a vernal day,
Of golden grain the sheaf.

Have we sin?

If so, it is in strength of self
We weaken, when beneath life's din
The mortal soul seeks earthly pelf,
But misery to win.

Have we joy?

If so, 'tis by the grace of God
That smooths the trifles which annoy —
The sunshine of our daily plod —
Eternity's employ.

THE SUN WILL SHINE

Why are you sad, my soul, today?
Rise! roll the screen so dark, away!
Despair clouds, true, may hover near,
Skies once serene, be darkened, drear —
The sun which shone so bright last hour,
By present clouds is shorn of power;
But tho' the day be shadowed, dark —
Each soul can catch a flickering spark,
Regain a hope from storms severe,
From skies refusing yet to clear.

No pain, so poignant e'er exists,
But that physicians' skill desists;
No lie so black, no truth suppressed,
That can by sunlight when caressed,
Live on to wreck the lives of those
It grasps within its very throes.
So cheer my soul, chase sorrow 'way,
Thy sun must shine — if not today,
When daybreak of tomorrow dawn,
Then thou shalt wake in strength and brawn,

Much better fit, the fight to press,
To meet thy duties onerous.
So bide thy disappointment, loss,
To glean a harvest from the dross,
To find the fire-tempered steel
Is tried for woe as oft as weal.
Learn with today to be content,
Ere grumbling cause thee to repent —
Then, resting 'neath a cloud or sun,
Thy work will merit "Child, well done!"

THE MAN WITHOUT THE HOE

The fields are bright with ripened grain,
The harvest time has come,
The harvester of stores untold,
Stands idly by and dumb.
The choicest fruits are rotting fast,
The sun destroys the grain,
And desolation's mighty scourge
Is following in their train.

"Why standest thou with folded hands,
Why art thou mute and slow?
Bestir thyself, the day grows late;
Arise, take up thy hoe!"
Back came the answer in a voice
Of mingled rage and pain,
"The day may come, the day may go,
The scourge may have its reign,

"The worm may do its awful work,
The sun destroy and burn,
But I must ever idle be:
Misfortune's wages earn.
While others work the live-long day
I watch them in my grief,
As with their hoes they toil and reap,
While I turn ne'er a sheaf.

“I never had a hoe to ply,
I never learned my part,
I never knew my sphere in life —
The self-sustaining art.
My hands were never soiled with work;
And so I idly stand
A watcher, while the others reap
The blessings of the land.”

And as the night came hurrying on,
The time when work is done;
Another soul had sped its course,
A race too late begun.
A toiler who had never toiled,
A tiller but of woe;
The man who lived his day in vain,
Who never found his hoe.

SELF

What am I, Lord, but weakest clay,
'Neath daily storms to crumble 'way?
So oft by strength of self we try
To stem the flood, to break and die.

We know thou mindest every trial —
Sweet nectar cased in poison's vial.
Thou hearest every piteous wail
We rend in anguish, as we fail.

But failure ofttimes brings success,
It steels for deeds more onerous.
It proves our weakness, as we try
In strength of self for victory.

Lest we forget thy wondrous power,
To still the sea or clouds which lower,
Misfortunes, following in their wake,
Cause bravest hearts to cringe and quake.

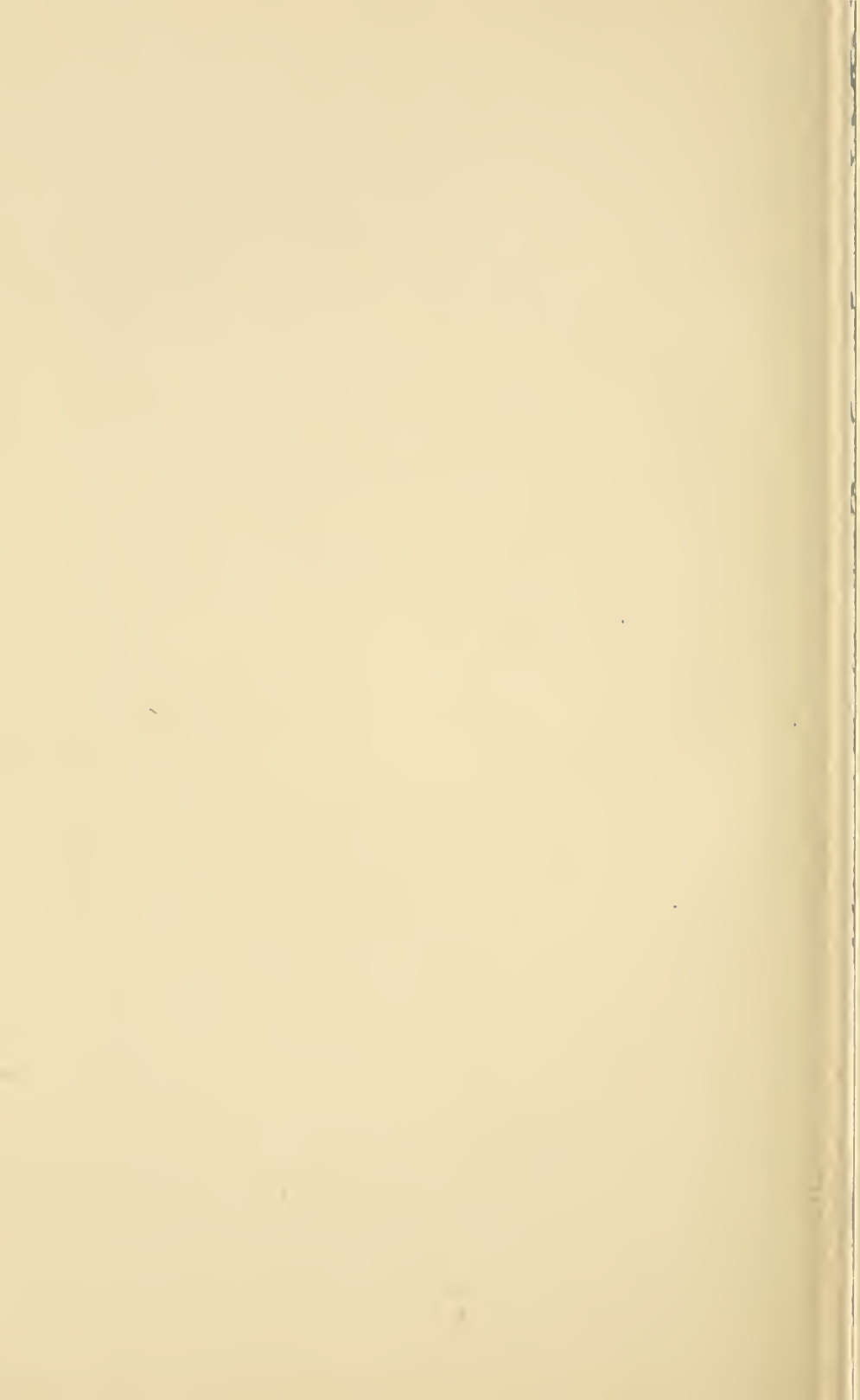
So help in life's most arduous fight
To lean on Thee. For with Thy might,
Complete a panoply for war,
Success will greet us evermore!

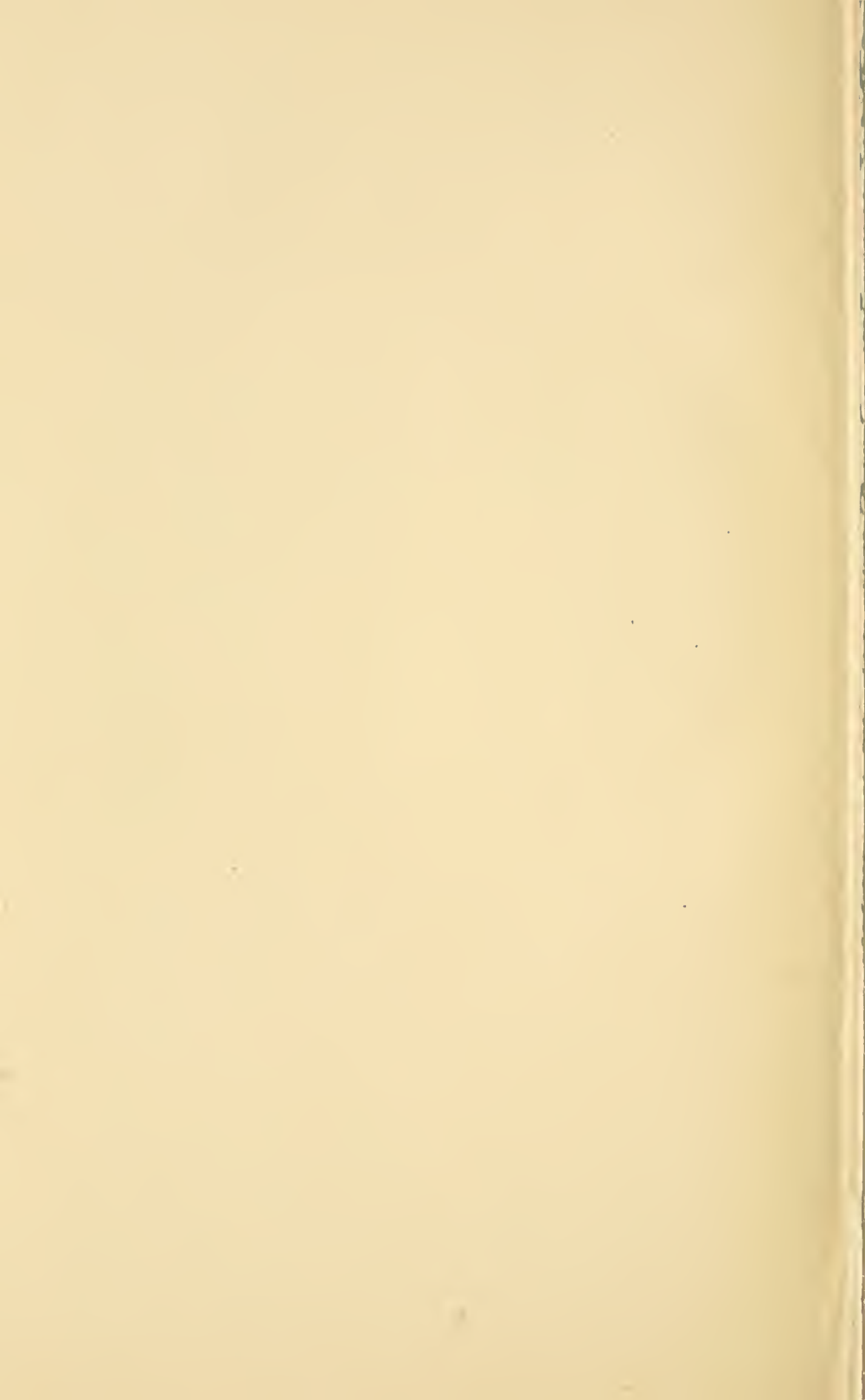
DIXIE MAID

Just a flash from eye of gray,
Just a winsome fetching way,
Just a smile, like dawning day,
 All, in modest brown!
Gentle whispers fall like dew,
Every murmur thrills us through;
While, each accent ever new,
 Adds to her renown.

Sweetest cadence in each note,
Echoing from tender throat,
Like a zephyr seems to float
 Toward the azure sky.
With a step of rhythmic grace,
Time itself can ne'er efface,
In each heart she finds a place --
 Artless maid, so shy!

So we hail thee, Dixie maid!
Homage at thy shrine is paid,
Basking in the sun or shade,
 Thou hast stood the test.
May thy reign forever sway,
May thy sunshine beam away,
Knowing well thy future day
 Will be ever blest!





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